

Good Living in Your Own Household at No Great Cost

FAMOUS RECIPES

OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OMELET.

But even more than the hash, President Roosevelt approved the following recipe for a pepper omelet, made by Maggie, which he requested, and which is now in frequent use in the culinary department of the White House: "Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and in it stir two spoonfuls of flour. Use one pint of beef stock, half a dozen good-sized mushrooms, half a dozen whole peppers. Season with salt, pepper a dash of nutmeg, and cook for twenty minutes. When done, add a half-pint of shrimps, three fresh peppers, chopped fine, and let simmer for five minutes. Prepare a plain omelet and pour in the mixture before it is turned over. Serve on hot plates."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CHOWDER.

A writer describes how Daniel Webster introduced this fish chowder to the Washingtonians.

He sent to Boston for some rock cod, salt pork and Boston crackers. First he fried his scraps of pork in a large kettle until all the fat was tried out, then deposited successive layers of potato, fish, onion and crackers, with seasoning in between until the kettle was full, then added two quarts of milk and gleefully set it over the fire made on the bank of the Potomac fishing grounds. The chowder was guaranteed a success.

MACKEREL A LA CHAMBERLIN.

A unique way of making a commonplace fish inviting is to cook salt mackerel as old John Chamberlin prepared it when he used to minister to the exquisite palates of the gourmets who patronized his Washington dining halls during the congressional sessions. It is not improbable that some dainty nose may be tilted skyward at the suggestion of such common fare as salt mackerel, but if this fish be once eaten a la Chamberlin, the event will become a memorable one in any career of fastidious living.

Take your mackerel—one, or as many as you may require—and let them soak for forty-eight hours, changing the water but once. Place the fish in a pan, which must be large enough to hold them so easily that one will not lap over another. Then cover them with the richest cream procurable, after which they are ready to be consigned to the oven, where they must remain undisturbed until the cream has attained a rich brown hue, and the man whose eye does not dance with delight at the sight of this savory dish must indeed be dead to all sense of culinary enjoyment.

THE REAL NORWEGIAN FINNAN-HADDIE.

It was during his visit to Norway that Walt McDougall, the cartoonist, became possessed of a much-prized formula for the cooking of finnan-haddie. According to the opinion of Mr. McDougall and his friends, there is no better way of preparing the haddie than to accord it this distinctively Norwegian treatment. To attain this result the cartoonist cooks the smoked haddie by steaming it until the skin and bones may easily be removed, after which the flesh is broken into small pieces. In the meantime a pint of rich cream has been heated in the spider, and when this has become very hot a teaspoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour, which have been rubbed together thoroughly, are stirred slowly into the sauce until it has thickened. The fish is then added, and is heated through, after which a dash of paprika, or a suggestion of

cayenne puts the finishing touch to this triumph of the culinary art.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Make ready eight eggs broken all together in a bowl, a frying pan, with a round tablespoonful of butter scattered in, in bits, peppered lightly and sprinkled with a scant teaspoonful of salt, a large, limber knife or a griddle spade. Put the pan on the fire. As the butter melts turn in the eggs. Begin at once to scrape and toss up from the bottom as the egg "sets" there. Handle quickly following the cooking of the egg, keeping all turned and mixed and scrambled until there is just no liquid and no tough, leathery solid, but a delicate mixture of white and yellow, set, but not hard, moist, but not running, which will pile into a dish. Keep the handle of the pan in your left hand, as you stir with your right, shifting it over the heat as needed, or even raising it if cooking too fast. It will go on hardening in the hot water pan after it is taken from the fire; therefore, either allow for this, and for stirring a moment or two after removal, or turn quickly into a hot dish when finished, exactly right.

DR. FLEMING'S ROYAL STEW.

Dr. Walter M. Fleming, one of the most widely known physicians in New York, is also known as an epicure.

One of Dr. Fleming's recipes that will appeal strongly to devotees of chafing dish cookery is a formula for the making of "royal stew." To accomplish this masterpiece provide as many large, plump, and freshly opened oysters as may be needed for the feast. Among all kinds of oysters the Lynn-havens or Cape Cods are best suited to this service. Place them in a chafing dish with just enough of their natural liquor to permit them to float clear from the bottom of the pan. Take a good-sized head of tender celery and chop the best portions of it into fine pieces. Also prepare a tablespoonful of finely chopped red sweet peppers. When these ingredients are ready light the alcohol lamp, add one or two lumps of good butter, each about the size of an English walnut, with the necessary quantity of salt, pepper, and paprika, and when these ingredients have become well heated fill the pan with sweet milk. Let it heat thoroughly, or come to the boiling point, and then add the chopped celery and sweet peppers, stirring it until it is ready to serve. You will have a production that will make any ordinary oyster stew extremely insipid.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF PREPARING CHICKEN.

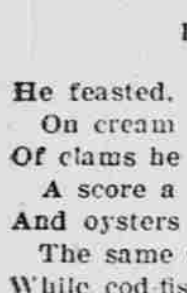
One of the favorite luncheon dishes now being served in the Waldorf-Astoria is chicken a la king. It is delicious, and attractive to look upon as well. This is the way it is made: Cut into small dice the white meat of a cold roast chicken. Make a sauce poulette as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan over the fire. When the butter melts stir in two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour which has been sifted twice. When the flour and butter are melted to a cream pour in slowly, and a little at a time, a pint of hot milk, stirring constantly to keep from lumping. Let the sauce just boil up once; then add a teaspoonful of grated onion, a saltspoonful of salt, and the yolks of two raw eggs. Stir them briskly through the sauce; then add two truffles and two mushrooms cut in small pieces and fried lightly in butter, one sweet green pepper cut in shreds and the seeds removed, and a generous tablespoonful of capers chopped rather fine, and just a suggestion of grated nutmeg. Last of all, add the cold chicken, stir the whole together, let it cook one minute, and serve on a deep platter garnished with diamond shaped croutons.



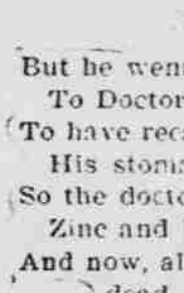
I.
Of all things dished
Beneath the skies
Bill Bingham wished
For pumpkin pies,
And fritters fried
And rich fruit cake—
The vanguard of the stom-
ach-ache.



III.
He had a tooth
For every sweet,
In truth
He doted on mince meat;
And ever seemed
To be at peace
When spearing fish in seas of grease.



II.
He feasted, too,
On cream frappe;
Of clams he slew
A score a day;
And oysters met
The same sad fate,
While cod fish balls rolled o'er his plate.



IV.
But he went at last
To Doctor Plank
To have recast
His stomach tank;
So the doctor gave him
Zinc and lead;
And now, alas, poor Bill is
dead.



V.
His epitaph is incomplete:
"Bill Bingham knew not
WHAT TO EAT;
And it's ever been
A mooted question
Whether he digested
His digestion."



VI.
His epitaph is incomplete:
"Bill Bingham knew not
WHAT TO EAT;
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MIKADO SERVES ICED WHALE.

Whale meat was part of the menu served at a luncheon given by the Mikado to foreign guests. It is declared to have been the most elaborate feast ever served in Japan and of the dishes there were none more toothsome than the whale. It was iced and served with mustard sauce in thin slices. Americans are coming home with the recommendation that whale be made to become an American delicacy and whale feasts may be among the new diversions of the 400 in the near future. Nothing but the rich will be able to afford it, however, for whales are becoming rare and it would be extremely difficult to transport their meat to the United States from the distant whale fisheries. It is a pity we did not discover the deliciousness of whale while these great fishes were so abundant. Charles Hopkins Cook, editor of the Hartford Courant, of Hartford, Conn., is especially enthusiastic over the taste of the whale meat. He was a guest at the feast and ate three slices of the iced whale. From Mr. Clark we have this entertaining description of the luncheon: "The luncheon was at noon, but even at this hour the men were obliged to wear tall hats and white ties with swallow tail coats. Among the decorations of the elegant dining hall were masses of beautiful flowers laid upon great cakes of ice, which served to cool the room. "The dinner this evening is said to have been the finest entertainment ever given in Japan. It was followed

by eight performances on the stage. The bill of fare was:

- Suimono (Soup).
 - Night Heron and Shimeji (a species of Champignon).
 - Kuchitori (hors d'oeuvres).
 - Wild Duck. Awabi (hallotis), etc.
 - Iashami (uncooked fish).
 - Tai, kawatsukuri and arai (two medes of preparing uncooked fish).
 - Sunomono (mixed salad).
 - Iced whale and mustard sauce.
 - Yakimono (Entrees).
 - Baked fish (chawaninushi eel soup).
 - Fried chicken and string beans.
 - Anago and Iino (a species of eel potato).
 - Rice soup and quail.
 - Pickles. Cake. Fruit.
- "Visitors left their shoes and hats at the front door and were escorted to the dining hall or gallery, which has no windows but is all open, facing the club's beautiful grounds, thirty feet or so away. There was no table or chair in the room, but cushions or pads were laid along the floor. At each pad (on the floor, of course) was the guest's name on a slip of paper.
- "Pretty Geisha girls brought the food in on trays, setting a loaded tray before each person. Then trouble began. We had no forks at all, nothing but two chop sticks. The soup we drank right out of the bowl. Some of the men got the girls to feed them, but that meant swallowing what they gave you. Others got the hand of the sticks after a while. I ate three thin slices of iced whale. The quail was served entire, with the head wings, and tail feathers complete, apparently resting on its nest in a bowl, and the breast, which was roasted and served cold, lay in two slices across its brown back."—What to Eat.

EXPOSES RESTAURANT UNCLEANLINESS.

Intolerable conditions of restaurants in large cities, and small ones too, for that matter, to which we recently invited public attention, have been emphasized by C. T. Raymond, a Chicago plumber.

Raymond was called out one morning to fix up some pipes in the kitchen of a north side restaurant. When he crawled under the table where the dishes are washed he promptly crawled out again, and asserted his American independence by picking up his tools and walking away.

"You wouldn't believe it," he said, "if I told you all that I found under that table. And it is not the first. Plumbers get in places where other people cannot go. I have seen a lot of things in my experience, and I believe that the only way that the health of the patrons of the majority of restaurants can be safeguarded is for the city to take a hand.

"Restaurants are kept clean everywhere but in the kitchen. The floors of the dining room will be white as snow, and the linen spotless, but when you get out behind the kitchen range, you will find scraps that have accumulated for months. Every one is in too much of a hurry with the things that have to be done to think of washing things that can't be seen.

"If the men who have to eat in restaurants could spend one day as a dishwasher behind the scenes, they never would go into the place again. I have seen chickens thrown on the floor of the kitchen. And the employees chew tobacco.

"In some restaurants they take what they call the 'come backs' and throw them into the stock boiler," a large iron pot kept sizzling on the back of the stove day and night. Later this appears as pea soup, vegetable soup, consommé, or any soup the cook chooses to call it.

"The Greek restaurants, which have been growing numerous the last few years, are the worst. These Greeks have no notion of cleanliness.

"The Chinese are the cleanest of cheap restaurants. It is a pleasure to go through their kitchens in some restaurants."—What to Eat.

100 TIMES

HE READ THE PAMPHLET TO KEEP UP HIS COURAGE.

This letter was unsolicited:
Salt Lake City, Utah, March 31, 1905.
Jno. J. Fulton Co., San Francisco—
Dear Sirs: It is with the greatest pleasure that I write to tell you that your Compound for Bright's Disease has saved my life. I had dropsy. Was tapped twice, last time just as I started on the Comp. I read your pamphlet about 100 times. When discouraged I would read it again to give me hope. It was slow, but I am now on my 3rd doz. and consider myself well. I am just today back to business. Every one will tell you my recovery was a miracle. Without this Comp. I'd have been dead.

Yours,
ANDREW C. LARSEN.
Of Sorensen & Larsen, 145 West So. 2d Street.

P.S.—My partner Sorensen wants to add this line: "I telephoned the doctor daily. He said you had no chance to recover and for me to arrange your business. When you showed improvement under the Comp. I telephoned the Dr. He replied: 'It makes no difference; it is as impossible for him to recover as to empty the ocean.'"

"M. SORESENSEN."
Bright's Disease and Diabetes are now curable in about 87 per cent. of all cases by Fulton's Compound. Send for literature.

HONOLULU DRUG CO., Agents.

When to suspect Bright's Disease—weakness or loss of weight; puffy ankles, hands or eyelids; dropsy. Kidney trouble after the third month—Urine may show sediment; failing vision; drowsiness; one or more of these.

A HONOLULU WHO COOKS FOR HIMSELF

There are more people in Honolulu who live in bachelor style—bachelor men and bachelor maids—than you suppose, and some of them do all or part of their own cooking. A few use chafing dishes; some the little alcohol gas lamps that are to be found in drug stores; many try to satisfy themselves with small oil stoves, while the cognoscenti have iron fire pots, made in Chinatown, in which they quickly start the heat out of charcoal. This charcoal fire is one of the best in the world for cooking, because it permits you to broil and toast things so well; and with a Dutch oven or an iron kettle you can roast or boil to perfection. There is a combination tin oven, boiler and steamer in which, over the charcoal, a full meal can be cooked at the cost of about five cents for fuel.

As a pupil of the cognoscenti I have learned to make a lot of good things in this combination. Let me give you a view of three meals. The other night I dropped into a Jap restaurant and got some cold boiled rice in a paper bag. In the morning I steamed some life into it and then went on to fry a banana, two eggs and six pieces of bacon—all easy jobs. Then, making a small platter warm by pouring hot water over it, I covered it with a layer of rice. Upon this I put the fried bacon with the hot fat; over that I laid the fried eggs and over the fried slices went the fried banana, cut in slices. The scientist will tell you that from such a meal you get nourishment enough to carry you through a morning's gardening or a morning's golf. I like cocoa for breakfast, so I dissolved a cocoa-and-milk tablet and there I was. My rolls, which I made hot, came from the baker.

In this liver-bedeveling tropical climate I always try to give myself one peppery dish a day. So I had it for lunch. There was some rice left, so I made it cover another small platter, sifting paprika over it. Then I took a small can of I. X. L. tomatoes, heated it according to the directions on the label and when ready, turned the red contents on the rice. It was a delectable dish—rice, pounded corn, a bit of chicken and an olive, smothered with Spanish sauce—enough for two men of moderate appetites. That dish needed, of course, a soothing beverage, so I made that chef d'oeuvre of temperance drinks, a soda cocktail. How did I make it? Well, I took a bottle of ice cold lemon soda, poured it into a high glass in which I had injected three dashes of angostura bitters, that decoction of aromatic herbs which tastes so good in lemonade. Then, just before drinking, I stirred into the liquid, with a long-handled spoon, a little pulverized sugar, and the soda foamed, cold and crimson, to my waiting lips.

Dinner was a little more pretentious. I lighted two fire pots. Then I opened a can of Dorey's clams and heated the juice when I was ready for it. The clams I took out, drained on a napkin, dipped in partly beaten egg, rolled in cracker crumbs and put into a frying pan which had been prepared with a lump of butter and a lump of lard. The clams were quickly done and were ready, in good shape, when I had eaten the hot juice from a cup. Two courses were thus disposed of.

Then came a small porterhouse steak and some hashed, fried potatoes. I had prepared boiled potatoes in advance, cut them into small pieces and had them in the buttered frying pan, properly seasoned. They went on one fire pot while the steak went over the other in a broiler. The steak was thick and, mind you, it was not allowed to have a grain of salt or pepper in advance, for that makes the meat tough. I seared both sides quickly, so as to retain the juices and then went on with my broiling for fifteen minutes or a little more, seasoning with salt, butter and pepper three minutes before the meat was done. Meanwhile I had stirred the potatoes until they were thoroughly brown. By that time I had a good appetite for course number three. My dessert was an ice-cold island muskmelon and my drink was coffee. The latter I quickly made at the table in a patent coffee pot with an alcohol lamp.

Sometimes when I want a feast I buy a fat, young, island rooster, dress and clean him, saving the giblets and cutting him up as for frying. Then I dry each piece in a napkin and dip it in flour which has been thoroughly mixed with pepper and salt. The next thing to do is to pack the meat and giblets in a small Boston bean pot, adding a trifle more of seasoning, some shreds of boiled salt pork, two or three small okra pods—though this is optional—and then fill the chinks with milk until it rises nearly to the cover. Then I clap the beanpot in the Dutch oven and let it stay there until the chicken is tender. Hot or cold that chicken is good enough for Judge Gear, Marshal Hendry, Bruce Cartwright, Prince Bert or any of our bon-vivants and is as savory tomorrow as it is today. Your bachelor will like that for Sunday dinner along with hot rolls and some Oakland punch.

J. SWEARINGEN PETERS.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE PIE.

Melt one square of chocolate (over hot water), add three tablespoonfuls of hot water, with one tablespoonful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of scalded milk. Sift half a cupful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt, with one-third of a cupful of flour, and stir into the chocolate mixture, cooking till thickened; then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten and a teaspoonful of vanilla diluted with some of the hot mixture. Turn into a pastry-lined plate and bake about twenty minutes. When made of the whites of the eggs and one-quarter of a cupful of sugar over the top, and return to the oven for six minutes.



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the
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enough
for
Dancing

Victor the Fifth

with tapering arm

This fine large Victor the Fifth makes the Victor Records give forth their sweetest and most melodious tone. It plays loud enough for dancing and brings before you the living voices of great singers in all their delicacy, as well as power.

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